

The State Journal.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1876.

A SERENADE IN M. FLAT.

My Madeline—my Madeline!
Much may my melting midnight moans,
Much may my melting music mean.
My modulated monotonies.
My mandolin's mild minstrelsy,
My mental music magazine,
My mouth, my mind, my memory,
Must mingling murmur "Madeline."
Muster 'mid midnight masquerade,
Mark Moorish maidens, matrons, mien.
'Mongst Murela's most majestic maids,
Match me my matchless Madeline.
Mankind's malevolence may make
Much melancholy music mine,
Many my motives may mistake.
My modest merits much malign.
My Madeline's most mirthful mood.
Much mollifies my mind's machine,
My mournfulness' magnitude,
Melts—makes me merry, Madeline.
Match-making mays may machinate,
Maneuvering misses me misween,
Mere money may make many mate,
My magic motto's—"Madeline!"
Melt most mellifluous melody,
'Mid Murela's misty mists marine,
Meet me by moonlight—marry me,
Madonna mia—Madeline!

LOCAL NEWS.

Congress has adjourned.
One by one the roses bloom.
What has become of steam-boat John,
The fine rains of late are good for the farmers.
Every man looks on his neighbor with suspicion in these times.
Osage City Republicans are wide awake. They are preparing for a demonstration.
Our Democratic friends are watching for our county nominating convention with painful anxiety.
It is very easy for some people to utter slanders, but when the bitter is bit, then there is squealing.
James Gordon Bennet has been nominated for mayor of New York, by the Independent Labor party of that city.
Will the Tribune now persist in its denial of our assertion that the Otterville train robbery was the work of a Missouri banditti.
Our Liberty township friends are preparing for a good time on the day of the Republican county Convention, at Schubert's.
Lord Brougham once defined a lawyer thus: A learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies, and keeps it himself.
The Democratic State Central Committee were in session in St. Louis a day or two ago, considering the advisability of a change in candidates.
An exchange says that Lola Montez once tamed a wild cat by looking it steadily in the eye, but fails to state whether any one ever tamed Lola.
The first mayor of Kansas City, Johnston Lykins, died recently aged 76 years. His widow is the superintendent of the Orphans Home at Kansas City.
The Cooper county Democratic Convention will be held Aug. 29th to nominate a county ticket and select delegates to the Congressional Convention at Sedalia Sept. 5. The township conventions will be held on the 26th.
Senile dementia, symptoms: "Diurnal sleep, with agitation when night falls; inability to find the bed which has just been abandoned. Getting into another bed than his own." That's what's the matter with Phelps. "G'way ole man."
We hear that the Missouri River Steamboats have put up notices to passengers, as follows: Gentlemen unattended with the ladies are not allowed in the ladies cabin. This notice is made necessary since Phelps commenced travelling on steamboats.
Since an outraged father assaulted a minister in Kansas City for marrying his daughter, who was a minor, to a young man without his consent, the ministers of that city require a permit of every woman who has the least appearance of being under 25.
It seems that Frank James has also been guilty of taking, without leave, one of Missouri's fair daughters. The Kansas City Times is authority for the statement that Frank eloped with a Miss Annie Ralston daughter of Samuel Ralston who resides in Jackson county, and whose house was recently raided by the detectives, over a year ago, and that up to this time her parents do not know of her whereabouts and mourn her as lost to them.
A new military company has been organized at Brunswick called the Brunswick National Guards. O. M. M. arms and equipments will be forwarded to-day. Commissions issued as follows yesterday:
W. H. Balthus, Captain.
John J. Abriz, 1st Lieutenant.
S. E. Everly, 2nd "

KERRY'S CONFESSION.

Details of the Otterville Train Robbery.

The James and Youngers in the Lead.

An Intercepted Letter Furnishes a Clew—The St. Louis Police in the Lead District—Down to Bed-Rock.

Now that the excitement and sensational reports incident to the arrest of Bruce Younger and Hobbs Kerry, the supposed Otterville express robbers, have in a measure quieted down it is but just to give the reading public a detailed statement of the history of the affair, and to place the credit of the arrest where it belongs.

Some weeks previous to the train robbery in question, Chief McDonough, of the St. Louis force, had reason to believe that a band of outlaws contemplated a raid on the Granby Bank, and that their headquarters were situated at a place called Coalfield, not far distant from Granby, Newton county, this State. With a view to securing these thieves, the Chief sent six picked men into said county to prospect, and gain all the information possible in the matter. After considerable hardship and expense, it was ascertained beyond a doubt that

THE JAMES AND YOUNGER BOYS

were arranging and perfecting plans in Coalfield to rob the Granby Bank by one of those bold dashes which have characterized their previous efforts. For some cause unknown, the bank robbery was abandoned, and the officers quietly returned to St. Louis and resumed their regular duties. With the news of the train robbery, the Chief summoned the detail and made a careful review of the facts and incidents as presented at first flash. Becoming satisfied that the robbers of the train were the identical ones who had plotted for the burglarizing of the bank, the officers were started for Granby and Joplin. Hobbs Kerry, and those of his ilk who had been in the neighborhood at the first visit of the officers, were absent, and it was learned had not been seen about for a number of days. This was satisfactory evidence, in the light of events, and the "cops" sat themselves down to await the return of the men. On the 26th of July, Kerry returned to Granby, and soon succeeded in giving those on the watch additional cause to suspect him. He spent money freely, something rather singular for one of his walk in life, when it was known that he had earned little, and showed a deep interest in the facts relative to

THE TRAIN ROBBERY.

After consultation it was not deemed advisable to arrest Kerry until some of his companions should put in an appearance, and it was confidently hoped by the Chief that he would be able to corral at least five of the robbers. Kerry remained about Granby, in close company with Bruce Younger, for several days. Everything progressed favorably to the cause of the police until July 31, and it became evident that Kerry and Younger had "dropped" on the surveillance of the officers. They conducted themselves in such manner as to lead to the impression that they intended leaving for some more congenial clime, and it was deemed advisable to make the arrest without delay. The order was executed, and the prisoners, in charge of the officers, arrived in St. Louis on the morning of August 1, being lodged in the Four Courts Calaboose. There they remained in close confinement until the evening of the 3d inst., at which time the Chief proceeded to Sedalia with them. After considerable trouble Kerry was fully identified by Mr. and Mrs. Duvall, living twelve miles from Sedalia, and at whose house he and three others had dined on the Sunday preceding the raid. J. M. Thatcher, agent of the Adams Express Company, and Larry Hazen, of Cincinnati, detective for the Express Company, closely questioned Kerry and importuned him to confess, but he stubbornly denied having anything to do with the robbery, and asserted vehemently in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Duvall that he had not been in their section of country for three years, and could prove an alibi by many of the best citizens of Granby. At this juncture, Chief McDonough drew forth from the deep recesses of an inside pocket

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER

of Kerry's, written by himself to one Stapp, a saloon-keeper at or near Granby, in which reference is made to the proposed raid on the Granby Bank. The letter was captured by the officers in June last, and reads as follows: COALFIELD, KAN., June 9.—R. P. Stapp, Sir: I received your letter to-day and was glad to hear from you. Well, Dick, I am in little better spirits than I was when I wrote you before. I have heard from them again yesterday, and they will be here in a day or two, and we are going to do something. But they are very cautious, and are afraid of me and you. They think that it may be that we are fixing some trap to grab them. As it has been tried so often they are afraid of everybody. Charley says that he will fix that all right when they get to see me and talk to me, and it will be all right when we get acquainted with them. We will give them a good talk, and they won't be afraid of us then, but you know it stands them in hand to be careful, for they are not like us. They have to be on the lookout all the time and we don't. Dick, you keep up courage and we will have it some day yet, before long, Charley and one of

THE "Y." BOYS

will come in a day or two before it takes place, and see you and look into everything. I will bring them right to you, and they will talk to you about how it is to be done. So you rest easy, for I will see them about it day after tomorrow. We will all strike out for some place and it is as liable to be Granby as any other place. So, Dick, if you see Bruce you may tell him it is all knocked in the head; that you got

a letter from me, and I was going to the Nation with my brothers. I don't think he will get here any more with us, for I have not heard from him since I wrote to you before, but he will keep everything dark.

I will not have time to let him know about the boys being here. One of the boys that stay with me here got back yesterday, and came right from the boys Monday morning, and rode one of their horses back here. So you know we heard straight news from them, and Bill says they are red-hot to do something, and you bet when I get to see them I will convince them that Granby is the best place and the easiest to get at, and they will come sure. Dick, don't you make a track you can not cover up again, and don't get out of heart, for, as you said, if I can stand it you ought to, for something is bound to turn loose. Charley is getting wild, and so am I, and I, and Bill won't work a damn lick, and is begging us all to go by ourselves. But we want to get them boys with us before we start. Well, Dick, if I had any paper I would write you more, but will have to close.

H. KERRY.

To R. P. Stapp.

The reading of this letter was too much for Kerry. He listened attentively to the melodious voice of Chief McDonough as it rang through his cell, and when the conclusion was reached, visibly weakened. He evidently saw that the game was up, and the fact that the latter was in the possession of the officers was proof to his mind that his steps had been closely watched, and that there might be other evidence to follow. After some hesitancy, Kerry concluded to make a

CLEAN BREAST OF THE AFFAIR.

He said that he was a young man, and through Bruce Younger had been led into it, and would have to stand the consequences of his crime. Chief McDonough informed him that no promise of any kind would be made him in the premises; that his statement must be voluntarily made, and without hope of reward. The prisoner, whether with a hope of saving himself from a portion of the punishment justly due for his crime, or in sheer desperation, made full confession of his connection with the robbery, and of the part played in it by the several actors engaged. The statement was taken down, sworn and subscribed to, in room No. 48 of the Ives House, Sedalia, August 4. It is as follows:

KERRY'S CONFESSION.

First of all, I left Granby and went to Joplin in the early part of the winter, or latter part of the fall, and there I got acquainted with Bruce Younger. Bruce told me about these boys, and was all the time talking about what they would do about the bank at Granby. The boys came there once while he was there—I mean Bob and Cole Younger, and I refer to Joplin. We stayed there all winter—that is, Bruce and I—and in the spring (May of this year) we went to Coalfield, and there I went to work in a coal bank, holding scrapers. Bruce did not like to work and went to Paril, while I remained and worked eight or nine days. Then I went to work for Scammons, a mile from Coalfield, at Scammons' Switch. I worked there until sometime in June. Don't know when I quit work, Bill Chadwick came. He had been where the Younger boys were, and said they were coming down. We staid there about a week, and as they did not come, Charlie Pitts, who was with me, said we would go up there and see the Younger boys. We got on our horses and started. This was in the latter part of June. We went to Monegan Springs, but did not find them there, nor had they been there for some time. We then kept on up into Jackson county, and went to Dr. Donyman's, who is a relative of the Youngers. Charlie Pitts went into the house and left me and Bill Chadwick outside. The Younger boys were not there, but on the way back, when we had got within a half mile of Independence, and were riding abreast in a lane, we saw a man riding in the direction we had come from, in a lane some distance away. When he saw us he turned into a cross-lane and went north. We went to the road he had started north on, and saw him riding off, though he turned about frequently to watch us. I had never seen

ONE OF THE YOUNGER BOYS

up to that time in my life. Bill Chadwick said he believed it was Bud Younger—that is, Cole Younger. Charlie Pitts said he did not believe it was, and Bill said he was going to see. He rode some distance toward the man, who, when he got close enough, threw his pistol down on Bill and made him stop. Bill stopped, and the man made him throw up his hands and demanded to know what he wanted and who he was. Bill replied, "It's me, Bill Chadwick." The man then made him come up and tell who that was with him. He told him it was Charlie Pitts, and did not name me. He told him to go back and tell Charlie to come up to him. When Bill first went up to the man he said his name was Frank James, and said also that he thought he (Bill) was a damned detective and had a notion to kill him. He told Bill to tell Charlie Pitts to come to him, and to come alone. Charlie went up to where he was. James told him to go to Dick Tyler's, in Jackson County. We started to Dick Tyler's that night, and as it rained hard, we stopped in a school house all night. Next morning we went to Tyler's and found

COLE YOUNGER AND JESSE JAMES

there. They knew Charlie and Bill, though they did not know me. We stayed there that day, and in the evening started away, the five of us. We rode three or four miles and met Bob Younger and a man named Clem Miller. The four that were at Duvall's were me, Clem Miller, Cole Younger and Charlie Pitts. I state this to show who was the four. We divided up, three in one gang and four in another. We four went to Mr. Kelly's a brother-in-law of Cole Younger, and got there at daylight, next morning after our start. We stayed all day and night, and started out next morning after breakfast. Before we left Bob Younger and Charlie Pitts came up, they having stayed at the house of a man named Butler. We started out and rode five or six miles. There were me, Cole Younger, Charlie Pitts and Bill Chadwick. Clem Miller and Bob Younger stopped at Kelley's and waited for Frank and

Jesse to come up. After we had ridden five or six miles—we four—the rest caught up.

THE GANG COMPLETE.

We were now eight in number, and all that were directly or indirectly connected with the robbery. I did not know what I was going to do, nor did they; not a particle. Cole Younger, Frank James and Jesse James and Bob Younger did the talking. I judge the James boys were leading the party, because I heard Cole say to them: "You fellows suggested this." He was then talking to Frank and Jesse; "and I am just going with you," he said. We all got on our horses and started four in a crowd. Me and Clem Miller and Cole Younger and Charlie Pitts went together; Bill Chadwick, Bob Younger and Frank and Jesse James made the second crowd. We met, I don't know what day it was, at California, on the Missouri Pacific Railroad. It was on the 4th of July, I think. On the 5th it rained very hard and we staid there all day. On the 6th we started back west. We met about two miles from the Laramie bridge, on the east side, about 2 p. m., on Friday, the 7th inst. We staid there until evening, and then Bob Younger, Clem Miller and Charlie Pitts went down to take the watchman at the bridge. Me and Bill Chadwick rode up to the end of the field and tied our horses, and they told us to stay there. This was about fifty yards from where the train was stopped. In about half an hour they brought up the watchman, and I heard him say, "You aint going to hurt me?" One of the party said, "What do we want to hurt you for all we want is the money."

STOPPING THE TRAIN.

Probably half an hour elapsed before the train came. I do not know what kind of an obstruction they had before the train, for I did not see it. When the train passed us Bill Chadwick picked up a piece of rail and shoved it under the track. When the cars stopped the shooting commenced. We staid in the rear of the train. I suppose it was an hour before they started off and came down where we were on the bank in the oak field, near the track. There was but one shot fired where we were. As soon as we got together we took to our horses and started off, riding about twenty miles, to a point where we left the road and turned to the right. Clem Miller carried the bag with the money in it part of the time, while Cole Younger and Jesse James also took turns

DIVIDING THE SPOILS.

About 200 or 300 yards from the road we stopped and divided the money. They tore all the envelopes open and put the money in a pile. Frank James counted it and gave each one his share. They left the envelopes there when they divided, some one carrying off the sack. My share of the money was \$1,200. After the divide we scattered. Charlie, Bill and I kept together, and, after riding all day Saturday, forded Grand River in the night at a place where there is a ferry. There I left Charlie and Bill. I went from there to a station on the M. K. and T. Railway, called Montrose, on foot, having turned my horse loose and hid my saddle in the brush at Grand River. From Montrose I went to Fort Scott. I ate supper there, and then went to Parsons by railroad. I staid there over night, and then went to Vinita. From Vinita I went to Granby over the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad. I staid in Granby from Monday, July 10, until Saturday, and went to Joplin. I saw Bruce Younger there, and on Tuesday, July 18, started to the Nation to see my brother. Last Saturday I returned.

BUCKING THE TIGER.

I spent my money at Granby among the boys. I don't remember how much, maybe \$100. At Joplin I lost \$400 bucking furo. I also played poker, and lost \$125. When I was arrested I had \$20. I lent Dick Stapp \$100, and being drunk most of the time spent a great deal of money. Clem Miller lives in Clay county. I give this statement voluntarily, of my own free will, without any hope or promise of clemency. (Signed) HOBBS KERRY.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this, the 4th day of August, 1876, in presence of James McDonough and J. M. Thatcher.

N. M. DUVAL, J. P. of Pettis Co., Mo. Witnesses: James McDonough, Chief of Police of St. Louis, and J. M. Thatcher, Agent Adams Express Company Sedalia, Mo.

BRUCE YOUNGER.

as has been stated, was detained several days in Sedalia, but as no one could identify him as a participant in the train robbery, he was released. The expedition started out before and after the train robbery was in command of Sergt. Boland, who has displayed unquestioned courage and excellent judgment throughout.

A WARRENSBURG HORROR.

A Couple Of Bodies Found in a Cistern.

Mr. Nicholas Rogers has been in the habit, at certain periods of the year, of watering his horses at the usual cistern on the lots formerly occupied by Mr. W. W. Hyatt, on the southeast of Market street and Washington avenue. On Monday evening, for the first time in about five months, he drove to the cistern and proceeded to water his horses. On looking down, he saw something that resembled a human foot dipping his bucket expertly under the object, he drew it up, and was horrified with the appearance of a foot, leg and thigh of a negro baby. Coroner Hunt was promptly called, and he placed it in charge of Constable Rogers, with instructions to dredge the cistern and see if the balance of the body was in the cistern. The next morning, Nick Rogers, with a large rake, scraped the cistern until he came in contact with a substance which, on pulling it up, proved to be a sack containing the bones of a foot, leg, thigh and skull of a person about twelve years of age. The top of the skull had been sawed off.

The Coroner's jury summoned viewed the body, and as the various parts bore evident signs of dissection, they returned a verdict giving it as their opinion that the bodies had died from natural causes, had been buried and afterwards resuscitated, dissected, and thrown into the cistern by some party or parties unknown.—Bazoo.

Blackberries are so plentiful that you may go out with a party a short distance from town most any day and in a little while buy enough to fill all the buckets. Then you have the rest of the day to devote to lunch and garter-gazing.—Brunswick News.

A DEAD FRONTIERSMAN.

"Wild Bill" and His Adventurous Life and Tragic Death.

Last evening's telegrams brought confirmatory reports of the death of William Hickok, a well known frontier character. It appears that Bill died in just the way and manner he did not wish to die—that is with his boots on. His life during the past five or six years has been one of constant watchfulness and expectation, as more than one reckless frontiersman had coolly contracted to take his life. But Bill was never off guard and was unto the wretched devil who failed to "get the drop" on the long haired William. More than one fool has had a bullet sent crashing through his brains from the ever ready pistol of this cool and silent desperado.

William spent many months in this city after he left Hays City, where he spent a season with the lamented Gen. Custer. But on account of a deadly feud between himself and the friends of a Texan he had killed in Abilene some years before, he ever after kept out of the way of the Texan roughs who had sworn to take his life. While in Kansas City he made his headquarters about the saloons on Main street, between Fourth and Missouri avenue. But becoming obnoxious to the police, and having no visible means of support, he was arrested by Marshal Speers as a vagrant. He left here and went to Clinton and Springfield, Mo., where he met with some trouble, got away with his life, (but was reported killed in the city papers.) He wore his hair long, allowing it to hang in curls down upon his shoulders. He was tall, good looking and every inch the frontier hero as painted by the yellow-back novelists. This fact led to his engagement by Ned Buntline to play in some of his sensational melodramas with Bill Cody (Buffalo Bill), J. W. Crawford (Captain Jack), and "Texas Jack" Hickok made a little money playing scout upon the stage and last fall turned up in Cheyenne where he became a regular nightly ornament at "McDaniels'" and the other fast "dives" about town. Again he was notified by the city authorities to leave town but by the intervention of friends he was permitted to stay. It was while Bill was the hardest up and the world was frowning its coldest upon him that his brightest streak of luck came on. It was in the coldest, blustering days of last March when Mrs. Lake, the wife of the well known circus man, came on from California, and on the day of her arrival made William her husband. It was a pure love scrape on her part, she had fallen in love with Bill years before, and had corresponded with him ever since the death of her husband who was killed in Southwest Missouri about four years ago. But domestic life did not suit such a rover as "Wild Bill." Notwithstanding Mrs. Lake lavished all her available funds upon the handsome husband, he was not content. He went East to raise a Black Hills expedition, but did not succeed very well. Late in the spring he started for the new mining regions in the Deadwood district of the Black Hills. This proved to be his last journey. On the 2d of this month he met with one of the men who had sworn a life vendetta against him, and was shot in the head and killed instantly. It is reported that the name of the man who killed him is Southerland, and that he is the brother of a man killed by him in Abilene some years ago, while he was Marshal of that turbulent town.

William Hickok was a quiet, courteous gentleman when sober, and seldom allowed himself to drink to excess. He dressed well, carried a small, fancy cane in his hand, and rather avoided than sought company. While he was a frontiersman in every sense of the word, he was not an Indian scout. He was well known in nearly every frontier town, and seldom went out on the trail. Gen. Custer speaks well of him in his "Three Years on the Plains." He has many warm friends in this city, as well as all over the West, who will regret to hear of his tragic end, the end he has so long been expecting.—K. C. Times.

Judge Bingham, of Ohio, has decided that the "pretty waiter-girl ordinance" of Columbus, in that State, is void. He holds that the right of one's labor and to be employed in any lawful occupation, is an inalienable right, protected by the Constitution; that ale, beer or porter houses where the sales are made within the limits of the law, are unlawful, under the legislation of Ohio; that women, as well as men, have the right, primarily, to engage in any lawful occupation or employment, subject to the condition that it should not tend to immorality, vice or crime; that there is no reason why the employment of respectable females to wait upon customers in beer and porter houses, kept in a lawful and orderly manner, should tend to bad morals, vice or crime, more than the employment of males, and, as the ordinance enjoins and prohibits all women, under all circumstances, from being employed in such places, it undertakes to inhibit the inalienable right of women, as well as of men, to labor at whatever lawful occupations their inclinations and interests may lead them to engage in.

Death of Ed. P. Berry.

The work of death goes on unceasingly and unsparingly. Daily and almost hourly some of us are called to mourn the departure of a relative or friend to that "undiscovered bourne whence no traveler returns." The young, the middle aged and aged alike are summoned, but the saddest is when the young are called. Yesterday the painful intelligence came, of the death of Edward Parsons Berry, the eldest son of Green C. Berry, of this county. He died Tuesday about noon. He was in the 20th year of his age, having passed his nineteenth year in June last. His disease was consumption. The bereavement is a sad one, and the grief-stricken family receive the condolence of the entire community.

The Lawrence County Independents propose to put a candidate for Congress in field.